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LONDON JINGLES

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AND

COUNTRY TALES,

FOR

Y O U N G P E O P L E .

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BANBURY:

PRINTED BY J. G. RUSHER.



One, two, - - Buckle my shoe ;
 Three, four, - - Open the door ;
 Five, six, - - Pick up sticks ;
 Seven, eight, - - Lay 'em straight ;
 Nine, ten, - - A good fat hen ;
 Eleven, twelve, - - Roast her well ;
 Thirteen, fourteen, Draw the curtain ;
 Fifteen, sixteen, Maid's in the kitchen
 Seventeen, eighteen, She's in waiting ;
 Nineteen, twenty, My plate's empty ;
 So please, ma, give me some dinner ?



Good things to engross,
 Near Banbury Cross,
 Where Tommy shall go on the nag;
 He makes no mistake,
 Buy's a Banbury Cake,
 Book, pictures, and Banbury Shag.

Shoe the horse and shoe the mare,
 Let the little colt go bare.



There were four jovial huntsmen,
 As I once heard Tom say ;
 And they would go a hunting,
 Upon a summer's day.



All the day they hunted,
 And nothing could they find,
 But a ship a sailing,
 A sailing with the wind.



One said it was a ship,
Another did say nay ;
The third thought it a house,
With chimney blown away.



All the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But the moon a gliding,
A gliding with the wind.



One said it was the moon,
 Another answered nay;
 The other—'twas a cheese,
 With half on't cut away.

There was an old woman
 Went up in a blanket,
 Ninety-nine times as high as the moon
 Oh, where are you going,
 Old woman ? said I ;
 Oh ! where are you going,
 Old woman, so high ?
 To sweep the cobwebs under the sky,
 And I shall come back
 Again with my broom !



I, diddledy dumpty,
 Puss ran up the plum-tree ;
 Here's half-a-crown
 To fetch her down ;
 I, diddledy dumpty.

A cat came singing out of a barn,
 A pair of bagpipes under her arm ;
 She sang nothing but fiddle-de-dee ;
 Worried a mouse and a humble bee :
 Puss began purring—mouse ran away,
 And off the bee flew, with loud huzza !



Now boys and girls, come out to play ?
 The moon does shine as bright as day ;
 Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
 Come to your play-mates in the street ;
 Come with a whoop, come with a call,
 Come with good will, or not at all ?

Up a ladder and down the wall,
 A penny roll will serve us all.
 If you find milk and I find flour,
 We'll have pudding in half-an-hour.



There was a little man,
Who had a little gun,
And his bullets of lead did make ;
He set off to the brook,
To shoot a little duck,
He missed, but shot the little drake !
Then off he hurried home
To his little wife Joan,
And he bid her a fire to make ;
To dress the little duck
That he'd shot at the brook :—
Says Joan—You have kill'd the poor
drake !

Idle sheep, pray tell me why
 In the pleasant fields you lie,
 Eating grass and daisies white,
 From the morning till the night ?
 Ev'ry thing can something do :
 But what kind of use are you ?

Nay, my little master, nay,
 Do not say me thus ? I pray :
 Don't you know the wool that grows
 On my back 'tis makes you clothes ?
 Cold, yes, very cold, you'd be,
 If you had no wool from me.

The farmers, when the spring is past,
 For rent and comfort fleeces cast,
 He cuts our woolly coat away,
 To warm you in the winter's day :—

Little master, this is why
 In the pleasant fields I lie.

Sing, sing ? What shall I sing ?
 Puss has got the pudding string !



Bah, bah, black sheep,

Have you any wool ?

Yes, marry, have I, three bags full :

(To make your coat the shepherds cull ;)

I've one for my master,

And one for my dame ;

But none for a cross boy,

Who cries in the lane.



Little Tommy Tacket
 Sits upon his cracket ;
 Half-a-yard of cloth will
 Make him coat and jacket,
 And breeches to the knee :
 A fine young man is he ;

If you will not have him,
 Why you must let him be.

All of a row, Bend the bow,
 Shot at a pigeon, And kill'd a crow.



Two little birds once sat on a stone ;
 One flew away, and then there was one ;
 T'other flew after, then there was none :
 So the poor stone was left all alone.

One of the birds then back again flew,
 T'other came after, then there were two :
 Said one to t'other—How do you do ?
 Very well, thank you, and How are you ?

Goosey, goosey, gander,
 Who stands yonder ?
 Little Betsy Baker,
 Kiss her and take her.



Little Robin Redbreast

Sat upon a tree ;

Up went our pussy-cat,

And made robin flee :

Then down came pussy-cat,

Away robin ran.

Puss, says robin redbreast,

Catch me, if you can ?

As robin chirped and sung,

What could pussy say ?

Why pussy-cat said mew,

And robin flew away.



Ding, dong, great Bell, what do you tell?
Men's death I tell, by doleful knell;
On Sunday all to Church I call;
The sleepy head I rouse from bed;

Light'ning and thunder
I break assunder;

The winds so fierce I do disperse;
And tho' my tongue is heard so high,
I never yet did tell a lie.

I lay me down to rest me,
I pray to God to bless me:
If I should sleep and never wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.



Three children sliding on the ice,
 Upon a summer's day,
 As it fell out they all fell in,
 The rest did run away.

Now had these children been at home,
 Or sliding on dry ground;
 Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
 They had not all been drowned.

You parents who have children dear,
 And you that have got none,
 If you would have all safe and sound,
 Keep all your house at home.